

The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XXI.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1856.

NUMBER 22.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK, MAIN ST.

J. COBB & COMPANY,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

J. COBB, Editor. W. J. FULLER, Business Manager.

TERMS.

The Register will be sent one year, by mail, or delivered at the office, where payment is made strictly in advance, for \$1.50.

Delivered by carrier, paid strictly in advance, 20¢.

If not paid within six months, 50 cents additional.

No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the proprietors.

All communications must be post-paid.

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WILLIAM F. BASCOM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office in Stewart's Building, over R. L. Fuller's store.

Middlebury, May 27, 1856.

JOHN W. STEWART,

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

DR. WM. M. BASS

World inform the citizens of this village and vicinity, that his present residence is the first door south of the Court House, where he is in readiness to attend calls in his profession, and will accept gratefully a share of public patronage.

Middlebury April 22, 1856.

EDWARD MUSSEY

RESPECTFULLY informs the people of this county and the public at large, that he has taken the

ADDITION HOUSE.

In Middlebury, for a term of years. He intends to keep a first rate house, and hopes by strict attention to the wants of his guests and moderate charges, to merit a liberal share of the public patronage.

Middlebury, May 21, 1856.

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Williamstown, Vt.

114.

Rutland Brass Band.

WILL ALLEN, Leader.

THE Band would take this method to inform the public that they are now prepared to furnish music for

Military and Civic Parades, Processions, Pic-Nic Parties, Excursions, &c.

And all occasions where Brass Band services are required, on the most reasonable terms.

Application made to Geo. H. Cole, F. J. Farr, or N. Weeks, Clerk, will receive prompt attention.

Rutland, June 6, 1856.

114.

Poetry.

From the National Era.

The Pass of the Sierra.

All night above their rocky bed

They saw the stars march slow;

The wild Sierra overhead,

The desert's death below.

The Indian from his lodge of bark,

The grey bear from his den,

Beyond their camp-fire's wall of dark;

Glared on the mountain men.

Still upward turned, with anxious strain,

Their leader's sleepless eye,

Where splinters of the mountain chain

Stood black against the sky.

The night waned slow; at last a glow,

A gleam of sudden fire,

Shot up behind the walls of snow,

And tipped each icy spine.

"Up, men!" he cried, "you rocky comb,

To-day, please God, we'll pass,

And look from Winter's frozen home

On summer's flowers and grass!"

They set their faces to the blast,

They trod the eternal snow,

And faint, warm, bleeding, hailed at last

The promised land below.

Behind they saw the snow cloud tossed

By many an icy horn;

Before, warm valleys, wood-embosomed,

And green with vines and corn.

They left the Winter at their backs,

To flap his baffled wing,

And downward, with the cataracts,

Leaped to the lap of Spring.

Strong leader of that noble band!

Another task remains,

To break from Slavery's desert land,

A path to Freedom's plains.

The winds are wild, the way is drear,

Yet, flashing through the night,

Lo! yonder rocky spear,

Blaze out in morning light!

Rise up, FREEDOM! and go before;

The Hour must have its Man!

Put on the hunting-shirt once more,

And lead in Freedom's van!

J. G. W.

Miscellany.

Translated for the N. Y. Musical World.

The Russian Slave.

It was the epoch of the Congress of

Vienna, when the fate of half of Europe

was decided amidst pomp and festivity

without a rival in modern history.

Tournaments, carousals, masked balls,

and games, regattas, illuminations, fireworks,

everything which the imagination

could devise, was employed for the amusement

of these things taking a holiday.

And the programme of festivities

prepared by the imperial committee,

there glared a stag hunt, and the woods

in the neighborhood of Golschtein were

gray with the crowd assembled to witness

or participate in sport. One person

alone, elegantly dressed and mounted on

a high-bred steed, took no part in the

amusement of the day. His eyes were

fixed on Sir James Raitly, an Englishman

noted for his wealth, his eccentricities,

and his passion for play; he followed

him wherever he went, and seemed to

wish to attract his attention.

"What does this mean?" said Sir James

to himself.

"Twice my eyes have encountered this

young man, and he has made the same

mysterious gestures. I cannot be de-

ceived; it is intended for me," and

turned his horse's head toward the stranger.

The latter, seeing the movement ad-

vanced to meet him.

"Sir," said he, bowing low, "I have

the honor to meet you before."

"Yes," replied the Englishman, who

was vainly interrogating his memory;

"Yes, your face is a creditor which for-

gets me, and which I cannot satisfy

by giving him the name he asks for."

"You have never known my name.

We met at Moscow."

"In society?"

"No; at the Hotel Sans Souci and in

public places. Pardon me, it, with only

this title to your notice, I have ventured

to accost you to no inopportune hour.

The importance of the motive will, I

hope, be some excuse to minds so gener-

ous as yours."

"What can I do for you?" said Raitly,

in a tone of extreme courtesy, yielding

to the sympathetic interest which the

pleasing face and manners of the young

man had inspired.

"I have come to ask liberty."

"Of me?"

"Of you."

"Are you not mistaken," asked Sir

James with some hesitation, and not

knowing exactly what to make of the

demand. "I am Sir James Raitly, an

Englishman by birth, and remarkable

for nothing but play."

"And for success in it," cried the young

man, "it is my only hope. If I should

tell you sir, that it is perhaps reserved

for you to rescue a fellow man from an

opprobrious condition, to free him from

his brow a mark which devotes him to

humiliation and scorn, what would you

reply?"

"You embarrass me; for I do not see

what such a hypothesis can have to do

with a gentleman like yourself."

"A gentleman! Yes by elevation of

soul; perhaps, also, by education; but

not by the accident of birth. I am a

slave."

"You!" said Raitly, with astonish-

ment.

"My name is Swerkoff-Feodorovitch,

and the estate on which I was born be-

longed to Prince Gouloubskoff."

"How can I serve you?" asked Raitly,

extending his hand affectionately to the

young man, "I would gladly do more

than pity you. But let us go this way,"

he added, taking the direction of a path

which led away from the throng; "it is

more prudent. You know, perhaps,

that the Prince is here."

"Yes; but could not choose the mo-

ment to speak to you. This evening, I

believe, the Court gives a fete on the

Reiterburg."

"Yes."

"You will not return to Vienna, for

after the fete you are to go the chateau

of the Count de Solemsk."

"Yes."

"To play there?"

"The whole night, and Gouloubskoff

will be there."

"I was well informed," he hesitated

a moment, and a deep shadow passed

over his countenance.

"Is it that the theory of the prince

which I see near us?" asked Sir James.

"It is."

"He cannot be far off. Shall we not

avoid meeting him?"

"With all my heart. Not that I fear-

ed to be recognized immediately, long

years have passed since we met; but I

could not exchange ten words with him

without exciting remembrance, and all

hope would be lost."

"Let us follow this path then," and,

putting spurs to their horses, they soon

found themselves out of sight and hear-

ing of the chase.

"Here," said Sir James, "we are safe

from observation."

"Before going further," resumed the

young Russian, "I must ask you to take

charge of this," handing him a pocket-

book. "Within it are bank notes to the

amount of a million roubles."

"A million!" exclaimed Raitly, sur-

prised out of his usual calm by the amount.

"Take it, sir, I beg of you, and begin to

listen to me. My father and I were

born a small estate near the Volga.

The estate belonged to Prince Gouloubs-

koff the father of the Prince now in

Vienna. My father was attached to his

person for a long time, and served him

with such a zeal and devotion, that at

his death he bequeathed him a consider-

able sum; but, unfortunately for our

family, he forgot his extravagance. My

father trafficked in furs with South-

ern Russia, and being intelligent and

energetic, he grew rapidly rich. My

education was entrusted to a French

emigrant, and to his care I owe all my

subsequent success; for, when I grew up,

I joined my efforts to those of my father,

and extending in our operations of the

east, I doubled his fortunes in the course

of a few years. Our position as serfs

excited the solicitude of my friend, the

Freemason, and he urged me to seek an

adopted country in the Western World;

but though I ardently desired to with-

draw my neck from the galling yoke of

bondage, I could not fly, without leaving

my poor old father a prey to my master's

vengeance. If I once left Russia finally,

the smallest punishment for him would

be the loss of his property and a return

to the rudest labors of slavery.

I could not do it. Besides, I nourished